

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pock-corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe at water a great while; & your water is a fore decaye of your whorl in dead body. heere's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares,

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowe it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pould a flagon of enish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the ings lester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite st, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge ses at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how ft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flannes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one ow to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this faour she must come, make her laugh at that.

rethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may retorne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping in a dunghole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty ough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was ried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee ke Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

Prince of Denmarke.

They not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Shoulp patch a wall to expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

The *Queene*, the courtiers, who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

Pore doo it owne life, twas of some estate,

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd

As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great commande swayes the order,

She should in ground vnsanctified beene lodg'd

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:

Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh

May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,

A ministring Angell shall my sister be

When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,

And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

*Enter King,
Quee, Laerte
and the corse*

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